

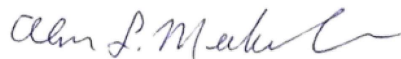
# **Exhibit 1**

Alan Meirhofer

Sunday, April 20, 2025

In my life now, there are many days when I die a little, when I am wounded by not so much loss as by failure, wounded by not so much fear as by seeing suffering of others, suffering I perhaps caused and am now powerless to offer aid.

The victims portrayed by the images I had collected surely could be someone's son or brother or friend. Each of them is a special soul as is each person ever born. They are not toys. What has been done to each of them is an injustice so monstrous and detestable and repugnant that my mind rebels and my heart sinks at the wickedness of it. Precious in and of themselves, every one of them is as precious to someone else as my mother had been to me. Someone chose those victims with patient calculation and then sexually abused them. It may as well have me. I understand now what I didn't see before, is my complicity in this crime. Because of me and others like me seeking out these images, we created a market that would not have otherwise existed. For this, I am truly sorry. The guilt I feel for my grievous actions weighs heavily upon me. Because I was the one who created the Telegram Group where these images were freely exchanged, I should be the one to be punished, not any of the youngsters who were members. If it weren't for me none of these exchanges could have occurred. I take full and sole responsibility. The greatest gift we humans have ever been given is our free will and it is sad that there are those of us who misuse it. Though not intending to pull a cloak of inscrutability over myself, I am reminded what Shakespeare once wrote: "O what may man within him hide, though Angel on the outward side."

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Alan P. Meirhofer". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

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